

# THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Vol. 22

Chinook, Alberta, Thursday, Mar. 11th 1943

## DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICE

### CANADA'S CALL FOR 35 MILLION LBS WASTE FATS

The lives of the United Nations' soldiers, airmen and sailors mostly depend upon the speedy response to this S. O. S.

Fats and Oils are the Raw materials from which glycerine is produced. Glycerine is the basic of indispensable ingredient in the majority of our explosives.

If everyone in Canada saves as little as two ounces of waste cooking fat in a week, it will reduce the glycerine required for the gunpowder to smash Adolph, Benito and Tojo. There is enough explosive hidden in ten pounds of waste fat to fire forty nine anti aircraft shells.

In the past we have received most all of our fat requirements from the far Eastern sources. Now cut off by the Japs—Coconut Oil and Copra from the Philippines—Palm Oil from Dutch East Indies and Malaya—Tung Oil from China—Perilla Oil from Manchuria and Japan. As in so many other materials problems, this loss of our normal sources of supply of Fats and Oils is vitally important to our War efforts and economy.

Our problem is to replace all of this loss. It is being replaced partly by some imports from our good friends in Central and Southern America but the biggest source of all has never been fully tapped. That source is in our own kitchens. Needless to say, this Canada wide Campaign depends almost entirely on the Home Front—on the continued efforts of everyone in Canada. This is a challenge to every Canadian housewife, restaurant and hotel owner for it is their job to see that this fat is saved out of Canada's frying pans and broilers—from the dripping steaks and chops, beef and pork and lamb roasts, chick ducks and turkey, ducks and geese—must come fat for Glycerine so urgently needed to make explosives for shells and bombs and depth charges to win the War—and that adds up to deadly proportions for Hitler & Co.

Individually, we may look at the small amount we are able to save daily from dripping and other sources and decide that it hardly seems worthwhile. Let us all remember that if every person in Canada saves as little as two ounces of Waste Fat in a week, it will be an adequate answer to this National War Effort and appeal. Saving waste fats is one of the simplest War aids asked by your country, and it is one of the most important ones on the Home Front, so join the proud ranks of the Kitchen Commandos. Your uniform may be only a plain apron but it can be as gallant an outfit as the togs and helmet of the Bombardiers in a Flying Fortress.

### WASTE FATS AND BONES ARE NEEDED

- You now have a definite plan for disposal, namely:
1. Take Fats and Bones to your Meat Dealer who will pay you the established price. OR—
  2. You can donate your Fats and Bones to your local Voluntary Salvage Committees in any place they collect them. OR—
  3. You can continue to place out Fats and Bones for collection by your Street cleaning Department.

It has been determined that German Resistance in the First World War was seriously undermined by the acute shortage of Fat brought about by the British blockade. Proof of this is found in the fact that the methodical Germans started a Fat Salvage program as far back as 1937. They have employed elaborate methods to conserve every pound of Waste Fats and Oils to avoid a repetition of their experience in 1918. To-day in Germany, the Salvage of Fats and Oils is the Gestapo way—BY COMPULSION!

Unless measures are taken to increase the supply of fats, Canada may be faced with a deficiency of thousands of pounds of glycerine for explosives.

I am confident that you and your friends will respond promptly to this S. O. S. Tell your friends about this important Canada-wide Salvage Campaign for Waste Fats. You appreciate that this is not a one man job and hence my appeal to you and members of your family and your friends.

"EVERY KITCHEN IS AN ARSENAL"

Charles LaFerle,  
Director.

## FOR SALE

HOUSE FURNITURE for sale. Terms Cash. Apply to Mrs. W. Gallagher, Chinook.

Mr. J. C. Rosenau while in the "Advance Office" the other day made the remark that although many of the papers had gone out of the small towns, Chinook still had a paper. To make sure that he would still get his paper he paid his subscription up to Dec. 31st. 1945.

...

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pfeiffer motored to Calgary on Sunday where they are spending the week.

...

Mrs. F. Younggren left on Sunday for Calgary, where she will visit with relatives.

...

Mr. G. M. Aitken left Wednesday night for Vancouver, where he will visit with his parents and other relatives for a short time.

...

Mrs. W. Milligan is spending a week in Calgary visiting with relatives and friends.

...

Mrs. B. Bjorsvik who has been visiting with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and sister, Mrs. Proudfoot for the past month, left Tuesday for her home.

...

The Ladies' Card Club met on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Jas. Peyton. Honors were shared by Mrs. Jas. Aitken and Mrs. L. Robinson.

The Club will meet next week at the home of Mrs. Targett.

### Chinook United Church

Sunday School 10:30  
Evening Worship 7:30  
Minister Rev. R. W. French, B. A.

May we remind all those who worship with us Sunday after Sunday and those who have not found it convenient to be at church on Sunday Morning, that the service for this Sunday, March 14th, will be held at 7:30 o'clock.

To all who are weary:  
To all who mourn and long for comfort:

To all who struggle and desire Victory.

To all who sin and need a Savior  
To all who are idle and look for service;

To all who are strangers and want fellowship:  
To all who hunger and thirst after righteousness:

And to whomsoever will come—

the Church opens wide her doors and offers her welcome—

### Prisoner To Give

Pay To Red Cross

WINDSOR, Ont. March 9th, (CP) - So grateful is Private Harry Odell McFee of Baltimore, Md., an Essex Scottish prisoner of war, for what the Red Cross is doing for him and other prisoners, he has written his parents from his German prison camp to give his next month's soldier's pay cheque to that organization. Private McFee was captured at Dieppe.

...

Mrs. W. Wilson is visiting with relatives in Turner Valley and Calgary.

Take part of  
your change in

WAR  
SAVINGS  
STAMPS

FROM

BANKS • POST OFFICES  
DEPARTMENT STORES • DRUGGISTS  
GROCERIES • TOBACCONISTS  
BOOK STORES and other RETAIL STORES



## WARNING

### CANADA FACES A WOOD-FUEL FAMINE NEXT WINTER

ARE YOU one of the Canadian householders who burned fences, doors, and even flooring to keep warm in this winter's sub-zero weather?

Or perhaps you are one of the lucky ones who just managed to scrape through?

In either case, you will want to be prepared for next winter when greater hardships loom unless you take immediate action.

The shortage already has affected many communities... total stocks of dry wood are nearly exhausted... in some places the small supply of green wood cut for next winter is being used now to meet the present emergency.

Throughout most of Canada, fuel-wood is obtained not far from where it is consumed. Its production and distribution are the business of local citizens.

The Dominion Government recognizes that the wood-fuel shortage is so serious that even with the full co-operation of everyone in affected communities an adequate supply is not assured. Accordingly, it has been decided to stimulate the output of wood-fuel by assisting those normally engaged in its production and distribution. To this end, the following measures will be adopted:

- 1 A subsidy of \$1.00 per cord will be paid to dealers on all commercial fuel-wood contracted for and cut on or before June 30, 1943, and held to dealers' account on that date.
- 2 The Coal Controller has been authorized to arrange in his discretion for the payment of such portion of the transportation costs as he considers proper in respect of fuel-wood, particularly in cases where dealers, to procure supplies, find it necessary to contract for fuel-wood at locations outside the area from which they normally derive their supplies. In order to obtain any such reimbursement, dealers must obtain a permit from the Coal Controller before contracting for such supplies.
- 3 The Coal Controller will repurchase from dealers at dealer's cost all commercial grades of fuel-wood on which a subsidy of \$1 per cord has been paid and which are still in dealers' hands as at May 31, 1944.
- 4 Assistance will be given in providing priorities for necessary equipment.
- 5 Farmers now on the farm, and who leave the farm temporarily in response to this appeal to engage in fuel-wood cutting, will be deemed by National Selective Service to be carrying out their regular occupation as farmers and will be given all the rights of deferment of military service which such an occupation now carries. Such temporary absence should not, however, interfere with agricultural production.

Municipal councils, farmers, fuel dealers, individual citizens, service clubs, and all other groups in communities where wood-fuel is burned, are urged to begin at once a rapid survey of their local situation, and to take immediate action to relieve the shortage.

### THE DEPARTMENT OF MUNITIONS AND SUPPLY

Honourable C. D. Howe, Minister

W.F.1

Only  
2¢ per  
cake  
to insure  
sweet,  
tasty bread



FULL STRENGTH  
...DEPENDABLE  
IN THE AIRTIGHT  
WRAPPER

*Para-Sani*  
TRADE MARK

**HEAVY WAXED PAPER**  
**IN THE GREEN BOX**

IS THE FAVORITE OF HOUSEWIVES IN EVERY  
PART OF THE DOMINION.

*Appleford* **PAPER PRODUCTS**  
**LIMITED**

**HAMILTON · TORONTO · MONTREAL**



"Give a man a better breakfast and he'll do a better war job!"

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## SANDS OF HAZARD

By J. B. RYAN

### CHAPTER X

ANDRE RIBOTT, whatever the cause for his discomfiture, recovered quickly. He returned Ismeddin's cold glance with a calm smile. "I thought you would be detained in argument with the Spahis for the right to punish Storey," he said easily. "I hardly expected Lebeau to surrender him so quickly."

"The foreigners broke jail," explained Ismeddin. "We overtook them trying to overtake you. The Spahis, too, are out, scouring the desert for him and the girl."

Because of the menace of Lebeau, a great threat to Ribott and the Kahiri as to Storey and Annette, camp was broken in the cold and dark before sunrise and the sheep started on their slow march over the wastes.

It took another day to reach Bir Mazoul, the forgotten oasis across the Libyan frontier. Only a few scraggly date-palms and a thickening of the halfa served as landmark for that dreary spot on the sands. Bir Mazoul, like Ain Safa, was classed as a place of water, but there any similarity ended. Ain Safa was a spring, with enough water to sustain a town; Bir Mazoul was not even a water-hole; the traveller had to dig in the earth to find water; the blowing sand filled in the crude well, and the next comer had to scoop out the dirt in turn.

No one lived at the Lonely Well, yet there were people under the drooping palms toward which the Kahiri and the sheep were moving. A mile away, Storey saw three dull shapes that took on the outlines of motor trucks and a smaller car.

"That will be the Germans," Annette said to Storey, "sent to meet Ribott at Bir Mazoul."

The prisoners were unbound. In the four nights and three days since their capture, Storey had kept his eyes peeled for a chance to escape, as he knew, had the girl and Mohammed Ibn Mulai. But they were not the prisoners of Ribott; they were in the power of Ismeddin, and there had not been a moment, sleeping or waking, when the three had not been under the watchful guns of the Kahiri.

The small car moved out from the palms, coming to a halt before the camels of Andre Ribott and Ismeddin. Under the urging of the sheik's rifle, Annette and Mohammed advanced dutifully toward the gathered Berbers.

Storey followed more slowly, trying to decide whether the quivering of the automobile of Lieutenant Kolb was due to dancing feet waves or was the vibration of a running motor. The thought stopped him in his tracks. If he and his companions could get to that car—

"GOTT in Himmel!" The snarling curse of Kolb cut into the speculation of Storey. The German, his face redder with anger than from sun, was striding from the trucks toward the Bedouins at the water-hole. He shouldered one of the surprised Berbers aside and with a kick of his booted foot, scattered the little heap of burning brush.

"Get back on your camels, you lazy swine!" roared Kolb. "We do not stop here! Round up those sheep! We are leaving this place at once!"

The Kahiri fell back before the angry officer, brown hands stealing toward knives and guns. "Achtung!" cried the lieutenant without turning his head, and bolts clicked in the rifles of the Nazi soldiers behind him. "Peace, O Rome," called Ismeddin, moving forward. "There is some mistake here. The Kahiri bargained only to bring the sheep from Ain Safa to Bir Mazoul."

"These sheep must be moved without delay," Kolb and Ismeddin stood face to face. "Tell your men to mount their camels and return to duty."

emerging from the cloud of the overhanging haze. "Gut," he grunted gutturally. "You have done well, mein Herr."

And then the eyes in the sun blistered face discovered the girl and the man on the dromedary beside Ribott. "Who are these people?" Kolb demanded sharply. "According to my information you were to use only native help."

"They are prisoners, Herr Lieutenant. This man is an American who killed one of the Berbers. The German officer re-entered the round, dust-stained face—"I believe even you have heard of her, Lieutenant. She is Annette Fournier."

The German head jerked in surprise. "Annette Fournier?" he echoed. "The agent of De Gaulle, Herr Gott, if that is true, you shall have the Iron Cross for this piece of work."

"It is true," the girl agreed scornfully. "I am Annette Fournier—Monieur le Boche."

Lieutenant Kolb smiled, refusing to be nettled by the epithet. "The High Command will be pleased to see you, Fraulein Fournier. So famous an agent must know many secrets of those verminous Free French who are the cause of our advance."

The Kahiri, as Bedouins do at every halt, were grouped about the shallow well making a pile of camels' horns preparatory to boiling water for tea. Under the urging of the sheik's rifle, Annette and Mohammed advanced dutifully toward the gathered Berbers.

Storey followed more slowly, trying to decide whether the quivering of the automobile of Lieutenant Kolb was due to dancing feet waves or was the vibration of a running motor. The thought stopped him in his tracks. If he and his companions could get to that car—

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"These sheep must be moved without delay," Kolb and Ismeddin stood face to face. "Tell your men to mount their camels and return to duty."

"The Kahiri do not leave the lands they know," Ismeddin retorted

stomily, and turned his hard face and pale eyes on Andre Ribott who had appeared beside the lieutenant. "The Kahiri return to their village, Sid Ribott. You will pay me the money on which we agreed."

"Money?" The renegade sneered into the Berber's face. "You get no money, Ismeddin. That is why I did not wait for you here when your men were to be told their work was only partly done. You fool, did you think I would pay all that silver you demanded?"

The hand of Kolb slid closer to the holster gun at his waist. Ismeddin said, with cold hauteur: "I ask you once more, Sid Ribott, for the silver you promised me."

"You get no money, Ismeddin," Ribott said flatly. "And whether you like it or not, you are going to move those sheep for us."

"Then by Allah—" snarled the Berber, swinging his cuffed rifle toward Ribott. The path and the rifle were checked in breath and motion by the crack of a pistol. Ismeddin staggered and dropped at the feet of Kolb, the man who had shot him.

WITH the discharge of the automatic, Jack Storey whirled. "Annette! Mohammed!" he shouted, reaching toward the near-by car. His voice was drowned in the hurrahs of the waiting Germans answered the blazing weapons in the hands of the leaderless Kahiri.

Bullets splattered into the sand at the feet of the running American and drilled a tattoo on the metal frame of the automobile as he gripped himself into the driver's seat, gripping the wheel and kicking at the clutch and accelerator in almost the same motion.

The car leaped forward, fleeing crazily in the sand. Sheep, fleeing the noises of the embattled oasis, sprang from Storey's path. The American circled back, peering anxiously through the confusion of running figures.

The girl and the shepherd were nowhere to be seen. And then, only seconds too late, Storey saw a shape roaring down upon him—one of the great trucks, a metal battering-ram whose head was an enormous foot-wide bumper.

Desperately Storey claved the wheel, but did not entirely avoid the armored thunderbolt. The ponderous bumper sheared like a knife through fender and hood, lopping off a wheel as the truck flashed by.

Then, like a falling hammer, a second truck plowed into the crippled car, and the world of Jack Storey became a universe of shattering glass, twisting steel—and blackness.

The driver of the truck backed away from the wreckage just as the tongue of flame flickered somewhere within the crumpled car. The sight of the fire caused the chauffeur to back up the motor vehicle even further. A figure flew over the ground and Mohammed Ibn Mulai was tearing at the battered door of the motionless car.

Somehow, the shepherd got the armored door open. Flame licked at his hands as he gripped the shoulder of Storey and hauled the body of his friend out of the car.

His hand had acted just in time. The creeping fire seemed to explode as the Arab staggered clear with the smoldering, petrol-soaked wreck and its stimulating action and Mohammed's defense against the cold.

The shepherd knelt, depositing the body of Storey on the ground. It was then that Andre Ribott reached the scene. The renegade was still running when the gun in his hand spat twice, sending a bullet into the body of the kneeling Mohammed and the second sign into the quiet form of the American.

(To Be Continued)

### SELECTED RECIPES

Sponge Method For Making Four Loaves Of White Bread  
4 tablespoons sugar  
4 tablespoons butter or lard  
(melted)  
4 teaspoons salt (1½ tablespoons)  
4 cups sifted flour

1 Royal Yeast cake  
4 cups warm water, or milk or potato water  
In the evening soak yeast cake in lukewarm liquid and dissolve sugar in same. Salt with flour and add to the liquid. Beat well. Mix in melted shortening and beat again. Cover and allow to rise in warm place overnight.

This is the sponge.  
In the morning add 6 cups sifted flour and knead on board to a dough which does not stick. Cover well and allow to rise until doubled in bulk. Roll gently, cut, and place mounded loaves in well greased pans. Cover and allow to rise until dough reaches top of pans.

Bake in moderate oven and cool before storing away.

### Improve Your Health by Correcting Sluggish KIDNEYS

This Way is Swift, Economical

Few conditions can wreck your health faster than disordered kidneys and inflamed bladder. Your back aches, your head throbs, your eyes are sore, suffer leg cramps and rheumatic pains. When these things happen your kidneys need help in filtering out acids and poisonous wastes that are undermining your health.

Give them this help—quickly—with GOLD MEDAL Haaren Oil Capsules. These capsules contain accurately measured amounts of the original and genuine Haaren Oil. Each capsule will be gratefully surprised at the way they relieve clogged kidneys and inflamed bladder.

Go to your druggist now and get a 4c box of GOLD MEDAL Haaren Oil Capsules.

### SMILE AWHILE

The chaplain preached a forceful sermon on the Ten Commandments. One private went away in a serious mood, but eventually brightened up. "Anyway," he said, "I have never made a graven image."

First Father: "I don't know what to do about my son. He wants to be a racing motorist."

Second Father: "Well, whatever you do, don't stand in his way."

Doctor (examining throat): "Say a-a-ah."

Tony: "I no speak an Inglesish."

Friend: "Now, Janie, why do you pass on every secret that is told to you?"

Janie: "That's easy to answer. I have only two views of a secret—either it is too good to keep, or it isn't worth keeping."

Colonel: "Don't you know that you have to salute an officer?"

Raw Recruit: "Yes, sir. But if you remember, I've already said good morning to you once today."

Teacher: "Johnny, who was Anne Boleyn?"

Johnny: "Anne Boleyn was a flat iron."

Teacher: "What on earth do you mean?"

Johnny: "Well, it says in the history book, 'Henry, having disposed of Catherine, pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn.'"

Magistrate: "You cannot drive now for two years, for you're a danger to pedestrians."

Defendant: "But your honor, my living depends on it."

Magistrate: "So does theirs."

Mrs. X: "Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

Mrs. Y: "No, and it's very exasperating. He just grins."

"Your advertisement said that this room had a heavenly outlook," complained a new tenant.

"Well, and ain't it got a skylight," said the landlady.

"When I took Brown's mow-baker, he swore at me over that missing screw."

"We can't have that sort of thing, dear! You must borrow the vicar's next time."

### HOW TO PREVENT MANY COLDS

From Developing  
Quick—Put a Few Drops of Vicks Vapo-rin on Your Handkerchief and inhale the vapor. It is a powerful stimulant and its action is rapid.

### VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

x-x OUR CROSSWORD PUZZLE x-x

No. 4817

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115 Indian mulberry  
116 Law: things  
117 Alphabetical list  
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## Chinook Advance

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Mrs. M. C. Nicholson  
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Chinook United Church

Rev. R. W. French, B.A.  
Service will be held in the  
United Church every Sunday  
11:45 a.m.  
Sunday School 10:30

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Repair Parts are difficult to get and getting more  
difficult as time goes on. If you leave your ordering  
until spring, chances are you will be disappointed.

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Phone 10

## CANADA NEEDS 40 MILLION POUNDS OF FATS FOR EXPLOSIVES

Here is a day-to-day War Job for You!

There is a serious shortage of Fat and Bones in Canada and the only way in which this shortage can be overcome is by the day-to-day saving of every spoonful of dripping, every piece of scrap fat and every bone cooked, uncooked or dry.

Fats make glycerine and glycerine makes high explosives—explosives to bomb the Axis powers—Adolf, Hitler, Tojo, sink their U-boats, destroy their tanks. Bones produce fat. Also glue for war industry.

### HERE IS WHAT YOU DO

Save every kind of waste dripping. All may be mixed together. Strain through an ordinary metal strainer into a clean wide-mouthed can. Do not use a glass or paper container. Keep in a refrigerator or a cool place until you have collected a pound or more. Save all pieces of left-over scrap fat from your meat (cooked or uncooked). Keep separate from your drippings. Keep scrap fat and bones in a cool place.

### HERE IS HOW TO DISPOSE OF FATS AND BONES

The Most Dealers of Canada as a patriotic effort, are co-operating with the Government in this all-important war work by contributing their collection facilities. Now you can dispose of your Fat and Bones in any one of the following ways:



1 YOUR MEAT DEALERS will pay you the established price per pound for your fat dripping and your scrap fat. You can keep the money for yourself or—



2 YOU CAN TURN THE PROCEEDS over to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee and/or to a registered local War Charity.



3 YOU CAN DONATE your Fat and Bones to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee in any place where they collect them, or—



4 YOU CAN CONTINUE to place out your fat and bones for collection by your Street Cleaning Department where such a system is in existence.

Every spoonful of dripping, every piece of fat and every bone, cooked, uncooked or dry, must be saved. It's a day-to-day job. Your contribution may seem small and unimportant, but even one ounce of fat dripping per person per week will give us 38,000,000 pounds of Fat each year for glycerine.

Hotels, Restaurants—Your support urgently needed!

THIS CAMPAIGN IS FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR

**DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES  
NATIONAL SALVAGE DIVISION**

## THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS

Creamo Egg Noodles	2 pkts	24c
Lux Toilet Soap	4 cakes	25c
Crachy's Molasses	5-lb. tin	47c
Cowan's Perfection Cocoa	tin	26c
Sunnyboy Cereal	4-lb pkt	33c
Brode's Brand Pumpkin	16-oz tin	10c
Fairhaven Sardines	4 tins	27c
Coyle's Bean Soup Mix	pkt	37c
Jif Soap Flakes	1ge pkt	26c
Kaybee Toothpicks	2 pkts	13c

## BANNER HARDWARE AND GROCERY

### ATTENTION!

Ration books for initials "A" to "M", inclusive, will be issued at the station, while persons having initials "N" to "Z" must obtain ration book number 2 at the Post Office.

### SEED SUPPLIES

Your "A.P." agent has prices and particulars of registered and certified seed grain.

Producers for their protection should check the germination of home-grown seed.

For FREE GERMINATION TESTS leave your grain samples with your

**ALBERTA PACIFIC  
AGENT**

**Tens of Thousands of  
VOLUNTEER WORKERS  
make your  
Red Cross Dollars  
Stretch Farther**

• Tilling daily in selfless devotion, Canadian women labor to make YOUR Red Cross dollars stretch farther. They sew and knit garments, pack food and supplies, fill precious boxes for our boys in enemy prisons. Since the war began, Red Cross "Blue Smock" workers have made millions of articles from approved patterns, packed millions of cases, for fighter and civilian comfort and relief. Other volunteer women, specially trained, drive cars, trucks, ambulances, help as nurses and nursing aides, office workers and dietitians. Hundreds of doctors, too, give their time freely to help relieve human suffering. The 857,000 members of the Junior Red Cross also, are doing work of untold value. These volunteers make YOUR Red Cross dollars go farther for material, food, medical supplies, preparation of blood serum, for our fighters and war victims on the world's war fronts. This must go on. As the war expands, intensifies, the need grows. Never was the need for YOUR dollars so great.

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NEEDED  
NOW**

J. C. Charyk, Local Sec.-Treas.  
Chinook Hotel Phone No. 5

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